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The Splendid Shilling.

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Now First Correctly Publish'd.

——Sing, Heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's Dire.

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Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1705.

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HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse retains
A *Splendid Shilling*: He nor hears with Pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To *Juniper's*, *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:

Where,

Where, mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames,
Chloe, or *Phillis*; he each Circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he ſmoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff
(Wretched Repaſt!) my meagre Corps ſuſtain:
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well-poliſh'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwallader* and *Arthur*, Kings,
Full famous in Romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Caſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign

To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
Eclips'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus while my joyleſs Minutes tedious flow
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace, a *Dumm*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Citadel aſcends;
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling Hairs erect
Thrô ſudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My ſhud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and *Conic* Beard,

And

And ſpreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inſcrib'd
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men!) behind him ſtalks
Another Monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of Aſpect, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erſt have indu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body, to the Touch
Obſequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Duranee ſtrict detain him, 'till in form
Of Mony, *Pallas* ſets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken
This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies

Sure Ruin. So her disemboswell'd Web
Obvious to ingenious Flies: She secret stands
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their Arts, nor Amber nor Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Useless Resistance make: With eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Persuades Men to repel benumming Frosts,
With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood;
Me Lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow Tree.
Mean while I Labour with eternal Drought,
And restless Wish, and Rave, my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose;
But if a Slumber haply does Invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and Eager in a Dream,
Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale;
In Vain; awake, I find the settled Thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in decays;
Afflictions Great! yet Greater still remain:
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and Encroaching Frosts,
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)
An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
Wide, Discontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thrô th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, 'till Cruising near
The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side

The crouding Waves Gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless, Overwhelming; Horror seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They stare, they strive, they pump, they swear, they pray:
(Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in
Implacable, 'till deluged by the Foam,
The Ship sinks foundering in the vast Abyss.

The Winter's Fury, and Encroaching Frosts,
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)
An horrid Chaos blot, with Orifice
Wide, Disconnected; at which the Winds
Enter and Rage, and the dreadful Force

Of Waves, that congeals the Foamy Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean Deep,
Or the Ionian, 'till Cruising near
The Lib'rean Shore, with wide-spread Sails
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous Rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side